LITERATURE

HERB-O'-GRACE.

When that slim treader of the air, the wind,
Bends her lag dances through the arched green,
In the thin air no footprint can I find,
And no man has that scaled vision seen.
Is there no herb-o'grace to touch my eyes
That I may see as tree or flower sees;
Behold the incense from the grasses rise,
Vision the swaying motion of the breeze?
—There, where the laurel and the sunshine meet,
Is it but laurel, vibrant in the light?
Or do a lover and a maiden greet,
She still a-tremble from her sudden flight?
There, where the quiver of his rays is poured
Is it shy Daphne, yielding to her lord?
Mary N. Shepard, in the Atlantic.

A MODERN TORCH-BEARER.

Her name is Miriam, I think, or Alice or Susanne;
Or Lou or Lilian—perhaps it may be Mary Ann.
She is a helpful sort; she keeps her household going right,
And when her husband "tinkers" things, she always "holds the light."

Her part to hold a drippy dip, and his to hammer nails
In darkling cellar corners where the sunlight flags and fails;
And where he gets some sticks of wood to keep the fire bright,
She brings her little candlestick and helps him with a light.

Or when the furnace misbehaves—when anything goes wrong
That needs a manly arm to mend, and language good and strong,
She goes along; she holds her tongue, serene, sweet and polite—
She holds the hammer and the nails—her temper and the light.

Oh, you may laud the clever wife who really rules the house;
The brilliant wives, the beauties that society espouse;
But I shall sing another one; that cheery, blithesome sprite,
Who holds the baby, holds her home—who always "holds the light."
—Grace Stone Field in Woman's Home Companion.

NOTES

"Mary Cary—Frequently Martha" is the puzzling way Kate Langley Bosher has called her new book, soon to be published by the Harpers, about a quaint little charity child. Mary Carey solves the puzzle quite simply and easily at the start. "Martha," she writes, "is my every-day self, like the Bible Martha who did things, and didn't worry trying to find out what couldn't be found out, especially about why God lets mothers die. Mary is my Sunday self who wonders and wonders at everything and asks a million questions inside, and goes along and lets people think she is truly Martha when she knows all the time she isn't." It might almost be the author pointing out a rather neglected truth when her small heroine says to the reader sagely: "You may think nothing happens in an orphan asylum. It does. The orphans are sure-enough children and real, much like the kind that have mothers and fathers, but though they don't give parties or wear truly Paris clothes, things happen." Of which things Mary Cary promises to give uncommonly bright and cheerful proof.

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E. B. Dewing's novel, "Other People's Houses," which was published last fall, is arousing considerable discussion in the different English journals and according to Mark Twain's criterion its author must now be numbered among the immortals. For the noted American humorist once remarked that to be caricatured in Punch was to achieve immortality. Witness as Miss Dewing's claim to this distinction the following verses taken from a recent issue of the British funny paper:

"I've read throughout from front to back
E. Dewing's book (Macmillan)
And what I think it seems to lack
Is just one high-class villain.

The daily round of those who live
In "Other People's Houses"
Is scarcely less contemplative
And placid than a cow's is.

Its people have a cultured touch
A few of them are striking,
But on the whole they talk too much
To suit my humble liking.

Some of them marry ,some do no
But neither consummation
Achieves itself without a lot
Of verbal explanation.

In fact—and here I speak as one
No stranger to reviewing,
I never knew so little done
With such a deal of Dewing.

* * *

Mrs. Mary C. E. Wemyss (pronounced "Weems"), who first becomes known to the American public through her novel, "The Professional Aunt," published on March 12 by Houghton Mifflin Co., is an Englishwoman with a most interesting personality. She comes of a Danish family, the Lutyens, and many of her ancestors have served in the English army. Her father was a soldier, and when a young man serving in Canada, was master of the Montreal hounds. After the Crimea, he retired and became a painter and an intimate friend of Sir Edwin Landseer. He is now 81 years old and still rides to hounds.

"I have always thought that David Harum, in describing Polly's feelings after her visit to the theater, had said the last word on shyness," Mrs. Wemyss was induced to say, "but I doubt whether she felt as embarrassed as I do on being asked to speak about myself. I have certainly often talked about myself, one had to in a large family, but as we all talked at the same time I never felt conspicuous, as I do now. There were nine boys before I was born. There were 14 of us altogether, 11 boys and three girls. Eight boys and three girls lived to grow up. We were, I believe, considered very original children, when it was not so fashionable for children to be original as it is now. We were never told that children must be seen and not heard. We had the happiest life imaginable, and we had the ordinary sins to fight against, but no extra ones were made to make our lives difficult. The most wonderful thing in our lives has been our mother's influence. Half the year we spent in London, the other half in the country. Our nurse, who has been with my father and mother 56 years, still lives with them. She is devotedly loved by us all, as you may imagine.

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"As boys and girls we had a family magazine, of which I was the editor. A hole was made in my bedroom door, through which the contributions were dropped. The first thing I did was to have a writing table made by the village carpenter. He did not realize the already existing difficulties of an editors life and added to them by making a different lock to each drawer, so I had nine keys. My earliest literary effort was my diary written when I was six years old. It consists, day by day, of 'I rede the Bible today. I was not good at my lessons today; but I will be better tomorrow.' 'Now I am sorry to say I was the same.' At the same age I wrote a summary of what I wished my character to be. This was my ideal. 'Sweet, loveing, giveing up, merry, clever, tidy, obedient, gentle, mild, not bad, humble, remembering all things, thoughtful, free to give.' I have since found one bad quality is not a sufficient allowance. We always used to say 'bar prayers' before we began to play a game, principally because I was supposed to have more influence with the Power above, and consequently it wasn't fair. We knelt on cane-seated chairs when we said our prayers and then the one who said the longest prayers had the deepest marks."

Mrs. Wemyss is the wife of Capt. George Wemyss, who was formerly on the headquarter staff of the British army in the intelligence division of the war office, but has now retired from the army and gone into business. One of her brothers, W. E. Lutyens, won the mile-race four years in succession for Cambridge against Oxford, and was on the Cambridge team which visited America to compete with Yale.

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Rumor has had it that Mary E. Wilkins Freeman was an influence in the action of the social club of her town in decreeing that good playing at bridge shall no longer be visited with prizes, but shall be its only reward. The rumor started when some on recalled that the initial story in Mrs. Freeman's very latest book, "The Winning Lady," was all about the desperate means taken to win a cut-glass punch-bowl. While no one can seriously believe that the story moved the community to its action, there can be little doubt that a conviction already prevailing that prizes are disturbing forces would be strengthened by such a story. As a matter of fact, in the book, at least, Mrs. Freeman cannot be said to have taken sides at all.

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Messrs. Little, Brown & Company announce a strong list of fiction with which to start their publishing season of 1910. Two of the novels, "Passers-By," by Anthony Partridge and "The Up Grade," by Wilder Goodwin, are already in the field and have found an unusually large number of readers. Other familiar authors are Anna Chapin Ray, whose recent novel is entitled "Over the Quicksands," and Mary Imlay Taylor, whose strong southern story is entitled "Caleb Trench." Unequalled Oppenheim has given his strong story (a tale of international intrigue) the title of "The Illustrious Prince," and it promises to merit all the praise which has formerly been lavished on this writer. Two good mystery stories are: "The Red House on Rowan street" by Roman Doubleday, whose "Hemlock Avenue Mystery" was a favorite of last spring, and "The Snare of Circumstance" by Edith E. Buckley, which is an adroitly written and cleverly conceived detective story. "The Pursuit," by Frank Savile, is a rapidly moving story with the romantic atmosphere of Tangiers for a background, and "The Red Symbol," by John Ironside, is a tale of thrilling events which befell an English newspaperman in Russia. Mr. Savile and Mr. Ironside are English authors,newcomers to Little, Brown & Company's list. Anne Warner contributes one of her delicious, breezy satires, entitled "Just Between Themselves." "An American Baby Abroad," by Mrs. Charles N. Crewdson, is a diverting book for summer reading and is enlivened by characteristic illustrations by R. F. Outcault, the creator of Buster Brown. "The Dominion of New Zealand," by Sir Arthur P. Douglas, is the second volume of a series dealing with the constituent portions of the British empire.

"Play Games for the Kindergarten, Playground, School-room and Gymnasium," by Emmet D. Angell contains a large number of games especially applicable to the out-door vacation season. A new edition of Loring Underwood's "The Garden and Its Accessories" is also a timely spring book.

BOOKS

"The Danger Trail," by James Oliver Curwood, author of "The Courage of Captain Plum." Illustrated in colors by Charles Livingston Bull, 12mo, cloth, $1.50. The Bobbs-Merrill company, Indianapolis.

All the virtues of a corking good short story of adventure belong to this full-sized romance. It begins promptly, without more preliminary than is necessary to acquaint us with the hero's past and the circumstances that lead him into the adventures. It moves swiftly and smoothly to the dangers; they are mysterious, unusual and terrible; the hero has, as reason for facing them, not only his love of a fight and his business interests, but also the love of a beautiful woman. It is all vivid, sharp, dynamic—seems not so much a thing invented by the author as a drama waiting to unfold. Mr. Curwood has his story in the hollow of his hand, has turned it all about, looked it over, and made himself master of it. You feel this in the good pace at which things go, the easy swing at which the romance develops, like the walk of one to whom walking is a delight.

The love between the hero and the strange, beautiful girl, who unconventionally asks his aid, representing herself to be a mute, reopen quickly and keeps pace with the rapid march of the adventures. And there's mystery as well as love and adventure, a mystery conveniently kept at the reader's very elbow, but steadily eluding solution. It is immediately associated with the great task which the hero has to perform—the building of a railroad through the Hudson bay forests. The scene is almost steadily out-of-doors. There is hardly a roof-tree in it. The forest isolation, begetting a habit of silence and silent deeds; the white immensities of snow, the glory of the Northern Lights, lend their lovely charm. Only by personal familiarity could Mr. Curwood so fully have realized the aspect of the Canadian wilderness, the feel of the icy air, the sence of space, of quiet, of loneliness, of danger, and yet of peace. "The Danger Trail" is full of little touches that show this familiarity to extend from the people, both red and white, and their customs to the dogs they drive and the wolves and the storms that drive them. The romance of the remote places of the earth is here. Mr. Curwood invades, and successfully, the literary reservations of Mr. Rex Beach and Mr. Stewart Edward White. He belongs with them. The public has reason to be grateful to him for quickened pulses.—The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

"The Kingdom of Slender Swords," the new novel by Hallie Erminie Rives, has other attractions besides those of an absorbing plot. One of these is the great amount of information about Japan which it incidentally conveys, and another is the slightly disguised portrait of Lafcadio Hearn. The heroine of the story Barbara—a wealthy young American girl who goes to Japan, meets there a mysterious recluse named Aloysius Thorn, whom she incidentally encounters in his garden. Thorn has long been know to the inhabitants of Tokyo as an American who has for unknown reasons adopted Japanese dress and customs of living. He is engaged in making Japanese idols of gold lacquer. His loneliness, his bad eyesight and the fact that he has evidently suffered, touch Barbara's heart, and she visits him from time to time. Who Thorn really is, in relation to the plot and to Barbara, it would be unfair to Mrs. Wheeler's readers to reveal, but that the author, in drawing this curiosly interesting portrait, had in mind Hearn, the orientalized, the myopic, the unique adventurer, the self-exiled, seems clear. The real Hearn wrote authoritatively of Japan and her literature instead of lacquering Buddhas, but the characters of the two are essentially the same. Hearn, it will be recalled, was the on of an Irish father and a woman of the Greek islands. After passing his early manhood in this country he converted himself into a subject of the Mikado, taking a Japanese wife and adopting the customs and religion of the land. On his death, in 1904, his body was buried with full Buddhistic rites, the first foreigner so distinguished in Japan. Almost his last act was to pass, by cablegram, on the final proofs of an attempt to transfer the elusive mystery of the Orient into western street. About these facts of Hearn's life Mrs. Wheeler's imagination has effectively played, and without impairing their integrity has made us feel the strange fascination of the life they marked.—The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Davison's Human Body and Health—Elementary. By Alvin Davison, M.S., A.M., Ph.D., professor of biology in Lafayette, college. American Book, company, New York, Chicago.

This book for the elementary grades is based on the common-sense idea that the study of physiology should lead to the conservation of health. Accordingly the treatment affords a simple, straightforward presentation of what children ought to know in order that they may be healthy and strong. In place of general statements, specific facts and full explanations are given, showing how disease is caused, and how it can be prevented. The intimate relation between the health of the individual and the health of the community is made prominent throughout. The construction and workings of the various parts of the body are simply and clearly explained, and instruction is given, which helps the pupils to understand the care of the body, and the true value of fresh air, proper food, exercise, and cleanliness. Practical questions follow most of the chapters, and the illustrations, which show the most important truths, are intended to be studied with great care. The effects of alcohol and tobacco on the health of the growing child are discussed with sufficient fullness.

Gerstacker. Germelstausen. Edited by A. Busse, Ph.D., assistant professon of German, Ohio State university. American Book company, New York.

The charm of this delightful tale of Gerstacker has long made it a favorits text for school use, while its snmplicity of style and interest fit it for early reading. The description of the vanished village as it appears to the young artist for a single night, his contact with its inhabitants, long since dead, and his sensations where he learns the mystery in which he has been involved, form an artistic work which holds the interest to the end. The text is accompanied by copious explanatory notes, complete vocabulary, and exercises, both for translation and conversation.

MAGAZINES.

I have heard it said, writes Irene Vanbrugh, in the enlarged April issue of the "Strand Magazine," that Sir Arthur Pinero writes parts for particular exponents. In almost every case I think that this remark is misleading, for he is far too great a master, and his plays attain to general dramatic effects too thoroughly, to justify such an expression of individual opinion. To the artist I should like to say that Sir Arthur Pinero's drawing of character is invariably so minutely thorough, and his explanation of the smallest details of the character is so splendidly lucid, that one feels intuitively the workings of the part it is one's duty to imbue with life. His characters indeed, are veritably things of flesh and blood.

In all, this great dramatist has given me five full-size parts to create—Trelawny in "Trelawny of the Wells," Sophy in "The Gay Lord Quex," Letty in "Letty," Nina in "His House in Order," and Zoe Blundell in "Mid-Channel"—and whenever I am asked about my career I find it impossibie not to spontaneously refer with genuine pride and enthusiasm to the teaching and encouragement which I have received from Sir Arthur.

As spring comes around again, the "Woman's Home Companion" lifts its own standard another degree with its Easter issue. The cover design, by Fanny Y. Cory strikes a true April note which is faithfully carried out in the entire magazine. A full page painting by Balfour Ker, is one of the tenderest subjects ever attempted by this artist, and "Old-Time Gardens in the Connecticut Valley," by Charles' Edward Hooper, with illustrations by Herman Pfeifer, is an unusually artistic feature. "The Campaign of Hope," the tireless fight against tuberculosis, is waged with undiminished enthusiasm and is awakening people throughout the country.

"The Empty House," a story in two parts by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, has its first enthralling instalment in this number. It is a story for every woman with a busy, self-sacrificing husband to read. "The House of Healing" by Juliet Wilbor Tompkins is gaining new friends with every chapter, and short stories of unusual humor and charm and power fill out the list of fiction.

Never was the household so well taken care of: Margaret Sangster, Woods Hutchinson, M. D., Kate V. Saint-Maur, Doctor Jean Williams, all give their best work. "Map-Pole Dances," "Wood-Block Printing," "A Perfume Garden," "Happiness Chest," Miss Farmer's Recipes, Evelyn Parson's Summer Embroideries, Music, Art—these are just some of the contents of this surprising magazine. The regular departments, Miss Gould's big Fashion Section and the pages devoted to the Younger Reader, are all better than ever.

(Richard Wightman in Success.)

To lift, athirst, the brimming Glass of life and drain it, dregs and all, with smack of smiling lip and slap of knee;
To bend above the Stream of Trade and wrest from it my gold, clean-handed, zestfully, as one who takes equivalents—not more—for what he gives;
To hear, attent, the silent cry of those who lack, dividing food and faggots and the couraged word;
To look well to my sowing, knowing sure that each small seed, by law immutable, begets its kind—and multiplied at that;
To shrine my Woman high and touch her flesh with prayer as well as passion;
To find within the eyes of children that fine light which guides the man to simpler ways again and nestles him within the arms of this old earth's vast motherhood;
To search for peace within the lily-bell or 'neath the verdant moss by forest ways, and, searching, find a fuller mere than e'er was dreamed or guessed:
To hail my friend with frankness—palm to palm and eye to eye, with merge of heart and hope until we twain are one and gianted for battle.
To think things out in my own way and blast a doctrine, when it bars my path, with rev'rent ruthlessness.
To take my God wherever I may find him—in the meetinghouse or in the meadow, or where the liners cleave the crests and fling their foam afar;
To know that Jesus lived for me to show me how to live, and died for me to show me how to die, should they assail my truth as they did his;
To hold that love is lawful, all of it, or else it be not love, but something less;
That, sirs, seems good to me and right and fair, and by the grace of each day's sun, and verve of starry nights, I face my years with glee as one who dies not, but lives always.

LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.

THE MISSES HOOPER AND L. D. YOUNG ABOUT 30 YEARS AGO.

This interesting old picture will bring many pleasant reminiscences to the boys and girls of 30 and 35 years ago; it shows a group of well known Salt Lakers as they looked about that time. Reading from left to right, the subjects are: Mrs. D. C. Dunbar (then Miss Libbie Hooper), the late L. D. Young (familiarly known as "Renz"), Mrs. Willard Young (then Miss Hattie Hooper), and Mrs. Joseph E. Caine (then Miss Annie Hooper). The picture was taken by Savage sometime between 1878 and 1880.

Hall Caine Feels Like Irving's Hero.

London Literary Letter

(Special Correspondence.)

LONDON, March 30.—Hall Caine has just returned from St. Moritz, where he has been spending the winter, to support the candidature of his son, Mr. G. Ralph Hall Caine for the London county council in North Islington.

With reference to the former unhealthy conditions in London, Hall Caine gives many interesting revelations of his early career as a journalist. Within the lifetime of people still living, he declares, there was no real drainage in London. The best parts of it were honeycombed with cesspools, and in the worst parts, where poor men lived, there was an open midden connected with every house. When Caine first came to London, thirty odd years ago, things were only just emerging from this condition.

"Being a poor journalist," says the famous Manxman, "I had to make my home among the poor, and I lived in two rooms on the verge of Clare Market. This was the miserable district where, in the old days, Dr. Johnson and Richard Savage used to shelter themselves and to swear, poor, homeless wretches, that, come what would, they would stand by their country. It was not much better in my time.

VIEW FROM A ROOKERY.

"From my windows at the back I looked into a closed court in which the houses were rookeries or perhaps ratteries, for they swarmed as much with vermin as with human beings. Hardly a window had a whole pane of glass in it, scarcely a staircase had a handrail. The refuse of the densely-crowded tenements was thrown out into the court for the dustman to gather up every day, and the place was always noisome and filthy. In this death-trap people died in proportions twice as high as in London as a whole,and disease and dirt and drink and immorality and crime were rampant. One of my neighbors and friends, the 'Old Frenchman of the Strand,' as we called him, lay several days in his room before anybody knew he was dead.

"You know what has happened—all that district has been torn down, and already I feel like Rip Van Winkle when I walk over the great open avenues that run on ground which, when it was covered with courts and alleys, I knew as I know the palm of my hand."

A BABYLON LOVE LETTER.

It cannot be said that the collection of famous love letters is the richer by the little note of the Babylonian lover which the famous German Assyriologist, Prof. F. Delitsch, has embodied in his work, "Handel und Wandel in Babylon." This document was written 3,000 years ago—or, rather, engraved upon a tablet which Prof. Delitsch has unearthed. It runs thus:

"To my Bibi, Simil-Marduk—May Samas and Marduk for my happiness, grant unto thee a long and prosperous life. How art thou? Do write to me! I have come to Babylon, but I have not found thee there. This has greatly grieved me. It is absolutely necessary that thou shouldest come in November. Mayest thou, for the love of me live for ever."

In a solemn and delectable annotation the professor explains that Simil-Marduk went to look for his wife in Baoylon, and, not finding her, reproached her gently.

A remarkable little discovery was made recently in Paris. A wandering book-buyer decided to give a couple of francs for an old volume, which he happened on in one of the collections along the banks of the Seine. He turned over its pages in the evening, at home, and found two that were purposely stuck together. He opened them carefully with a knife and found inside three bank notes of a thousand francs each. Also this message:

"Friend, whoever thou art, thou hast read this book to the end; be legatee, without remorse, of this little fortune. It is all my pen has brought me in 50 years. May the muses be more favorable to thee for thou art surely a man of letters." Then came the initials, "H. Z.," the date Jan. 10, 1848, and the number of a street in Paris.

Three important groups of French journalists celebrated the other evening their "entente cordiale" by a banquet at a famous Paris restaurant. There were many and graceful speeches including a long and charming one by M. A. Brisson, who compared the work of the leisured literary man with that of the journalist. The latter, he said, had dreams and visions of plays and poems, romances and essays which he might write if he only had time.

"But he has to leave these projects over till tomorrow," said M. Brisson, "and again till tomorrow, till weeks and months and years have fled, and his hair turns grey, and his activities lessens, and ambition turns to resignation . . . and the little flame dies . . . and poetry and art give way to the prosaic task of the day."

Thus the journalist becomes the wandering Jew of literature, for ever on the move. This picture of themselves drew tears from the eyes of the (banqueting and French) journalists. So after having shown them in this melancholy aspect, Brisson depicted them in a light which surely must have inspired even the most faint-hearted and dejected with a new pride in his profession.

"But the journalist," he said, "if he is filled with the right spirit, is also a soldier; he only writes to fight for, to defend the cause which he considers just, whether that cause be literary, political, or social. Between two battles, he turns to literature. He cannot give his exclusive efforts to her, but he loves her with a passionate love, and seeks the society of those who, like some of the guests assembled here, are placed in the happy position of devoting themselves entirely to literature." WALTER ROLLINS.